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Peace.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

I'VE travelled over many a land and sea.
In search of happiness. I've been too bold
In peering into other's eyes—some cold,
Tho' hiding tenderness perhaps; but glee
Shone out from many more. These danced at me
As if a well of happiness untold
Their hearts possessed which overflowed; then rolled
The flood from eyes that spake joy tearfully.

I saw; but for myself I could not grasp
The prize. My loneliness grew into grief.
At last I gave the hopeless struggle o'er,
Not caring then if never I might clasp
Her hand; when lo! unto my soul's relief
Reigned sweet-faced peace whom I'd dethroned
before.

In a Dark Vein.

A LONELY WATCH

NEAR to the sea in a little fishing village
named Sambro, stood the cottage of
an old fisherman. One bright morning
this fisherman left home to visit his
trawls which were many miles out at sea. As
usual he left his little daughter Mabel to care
for the house until he should come back; for
he always returned in the evening after sunset.

Evening came, however, and with it a terrible storm which caused Mabel much anxiety for her father's safety. After setting the table and placing the tea where it would keep warm, she seated herself close to the window, and pressing her face against the pane peered out into the stormy night.

Suddenly she saw a rocket shoot across the sky from the direction of the lighthouse that lies close to the ledge of rocks in the

little bay. She knew that this was a warning to some belated mariner to keep clear of the shoals, and her heart sank when she thought of her father's boat tossed about by the tempestuous waves. She considered, however, that he was brave, that his boat was staunch and tight, and that he knew thoroughly the reefs; and she felt reassured.

Nevertheless, as hour after hour passed and her father did not come she grew sad at heart. At last worn out by her long vigil she fell asleep with her face pressed against the pane.

Morning dawned clear and bright; the angry waves had subsided into long, smooth swells. On the shore, close to the village, four men found a body stark and stiff. The men recognized the old sailor, and bore the body to the cottage where Mabel still slept with her face pressed against the pane, waiting the return of her father.

P. BUTLER.

DESCRIPTION OF A BULL-FIGHT.

Bull fighting is a sport much enjoyed by people of Spanish descent. The bulls are fought in a large arena called a bull-ring. The bull enters the ring through a small door in the side of the wall. On the opposite side of the ring is another door through which the bull fighters enter. The bull fighters usually come into the ring first, and march to the center where they take off their gaudily decorated *boinas* and bow to the *jefe de politico*. Then they station themselves round and wait for the coming of the bull.

After a time the *jefe de politico* gives a sign to the bugler, who immediately blows a loud call. This call orders the bull to be let into the ring. At once the gates swing open, and a ferocious bull rushes into the arena. The band begins to play and the people begin to applaud.

The bull fighters are dressed in gaudily colored garments, and each one carries on his arm a large red robe which he uses to anger the bull. As soon as the bull sees the gay garments and the red robes he rushes at them, but the men cleverly dodge and the bull goes by. Then the man with the *banderillas* steps to the front. The bull sees him and makes a dash at him, but the *banderillero* avoids him, and adroitly fixes the *banderillas* in the bull's shoulders. If the *banderillero* is successful in placing both *banderillas* the band plays some national air, and the people shout their satisfaction.

When the *jefe de politico* thinks the bull has been teased long enough he gives the order to the bugler to blow a call for the *capitán* to step to the center of the ring. The *capitán* comes forward; makes a graceful flourish with his sword, and bows to the *jefe*. Then he begins to tantalize the bull. After awhile the bugler blows a stirring blast and the people shout wildly; for the bugle call means that the bull must die. The *capitán* steps to the center of the arena and prepares to give the sword lunge. The bull rushes furiously at him, but he cleverly dodges, and plants his sword so stoutly in the shoulder of the bull that it reaches the heart. If the bull is game he will fight until he drops from loss of blood. When the bull is almost dead, one of the bull fighters takes a long, three-cornered dagger, and plunges it into the bull's neck behind the horns. This kills the brute. Then money, bouquets and souvenirs fall at the *capitán's* feet. Five bulls are fought during the course of a bull-fight, but only three are killed.

C. M. BUCKLER.

AN UNEXPECTED REJOINDER.

Dr. Johnston was sitting in his office one hot July afternoon reading a newspaper, when he was startled by a voice saying, "I am a dead man!"

Turning his chair quickly the physician saw in the doorway a tall man with matted grey beard, and shifty, feverish eyes.

"You are a dead man, are you?" asked the physician, much amused.

"Yes," said the stranger, in a husky whisper, "I am a dead man."

"Can you eat, sleep and work?" asked the medical man.

"I can eat and sleep," replied the man mournfully, "but I can't work. Dead men can eat and sleep, but they can't work."

"The doctor was interested. It happened that he had been overworked for a month past, and assurance of rest beyond the grave was not at all distasteful to him.

"Do you think a dead man can bleed?" questioned the doctor.

"No," asserted the man; "a dead man can eat and sleep, but he can't bleed."

The doctor had a small pen-knife in his hand, and he quickly pricked the man's wrist. Blood began to flow immediately.

"There," said the doctor, "this blood proves that you are not a dead man."

"It doesn't prove anything of the kind," replied the man, sorrowfully; it only shows that a dead man can bleed."

The old doctor looked puzzled for a moment, but when his visitor stepped out, he muttered: "There are some queer people in the world," and went on with his paper.

W. H. LAVIN, C. S. C.

A MIDNIGHT MURDER.

One night last summer I had a severe headache, and retired to my room an hour earlier than I was accustomed to. After dozing for some time I awoke to find that my headache was worse than when I had gone to bed. Unable to sleep I dressed myself and quietly left the house.

The night was unusually dark. Not knowing where to go at that late hour, I walked around the yard. The fresh air did me good, and I was on the point of returning to my room, when the sharp report of a revolver rang out on the still air. The shot was fired near at hand.

Murder, was my first thought. I was somewhat frightened; nevertheless, I began to walk in the direction whence the report had come. After I had gone about fifteen paces I could distinguish the outline of a man, and going still closer I could make out that he held a revolver in his hand. The barrel of the weapon gleamed through the darkness.

When the man saw me he chuckled and said: "I killed him that time."

Imagine my terror when I recognized the voice of my oldest brother. Dreading his answer I demanded to know what he had done. He pointed to an object lying on the ground. My hand trembled while I searched my pocket for a match. At length I found one, and stooping down I lighted it. The flickering blue spurted into yellow flame, and showed on the ground before me the body of a dead cat.

A. M. HIERHOLZER.

Incidents by Land and Water.

A STORY.

Several years ago I spent my summer vacation at Long Lake, a summer resort in Southern Michigan. About a week after my arrival at the lake I received, as a present from my father, a racing shell. Of course I was eager to test the boat, and early next morning I rowed up the lake. After a time I grew tired sculling and let the boat drift. I sat idly building air-castles of future pleasures when I was startled by a dull thump on the bottom of the boat. I looked carefully in the water, fearful lest my shell had run on the rocks. I immediately saw, however, that there was little need of anxiety on that score, for the boat was drifting in the channel used by the large steamers.

I was on the point of taking up the end of my reverie, when the shell set off up the lake at a good rate of speed. The first morning steamer was coming down the lake, and as I scudded by the passengers crowded to the rail and stared after me in evident perplexity. I simply sat still and tried to conceive what power was forcing my boat ahead. In a little while the shell commenced to describe small circles. Once it whirled round so quickly that I nearly fell into the lake. This brought me to my senses and I took my oar and headed the boat down the lake.

I reached the dock shortly after the steamer and pushed my boat ashore. A large crowd had gathered round and watched me curiously. I lifted the shell from the water and found, fastened to the bottom, a huge gar-pike. The fish had run its spear-like snout through the frail-shell, and in its efforts to free itself it had pushed the boat round the lake.

LEON HOFFMAN.

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AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

Last summer a very curious incident befell me on the train going up to Lake Delevan. I had to run down the station platform in order to make the train, and just succeeded in catching the last car. The seats were all taken in this car, but in the one ahead I found an empty seat near the door.

I looked up presently from the novel I was reading, and saw an elegantly dressed lady standing by my seat. I got up immediately and offered her the place near the

window. She took the seat and I sat down by her side.

The train had just passed out of the town that marked the half-way point in my journey, when suddenly the lady turned to me and said:

"You are a thief! Give me my pocket-book."

I tried my best to explain that I had seen nothing of her pocket-book; but she continued to call me "thief" and many other names of that sort. She spoke in a loud voice, and in a short time most of the people in the car had crowded round us.

At length the conductor put in appearance and inquired into the cause of the disturbance. The woman told him that I had taken her pocket-book, and that she was going to have me arrested at the next station. The conductor suggested that I did not look very much like a thief, and getting down on his knees he felt carefully under the seat. After a little searching he found the pocket-book, and handing it to the woman walked away. My seat-mate, of course, was earnest in her apologies, but nevertheless I continued to feel very uncomfortable.

During the second week of my outing I received an invitation to attend a party given at a cottage on the far bank of the Lake. My young hostess presented me to her mother, who assured me that she was "very pleased" to meet me. I can not add, however, that the pleasure was mutual; for my hostess' mother was the lady who had accused me of stealing her pocket-book on the train.

T. R. HEAPHY.

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AN AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

When James Foster was twenty-one years of age he set out for the Klondike. He remained there only a year, however, when he suddenly returned to the United States and enlisted in the regular army.

Some months after James had left home, his brother John became engaged to a village maiden, Mary Blake, and the wedding day was set. The Spanish-American War broke out, however, and John felt it his duty to enlist.

Shortly after his regiment had crossed to Cuba, Mary received a letter from him in which, among other things, he said: "We are closing in on the Spaniards, and expect a battle to-morrow at El Caney." This was the last letter received from him. A few days after the battle of El Caney, Mary, while looking

over the local paper, saw the head line: "Killed at El Caney: Private J. Foster of Homeville, Pa.

The shock she received brought on a severe attack of brain fever. After a time when she was strong enough to be about, she used to pass the afternoons under an old chestnut tree where she and John had often sat.

One day she was roused from her reverie by a softly spoken word. Turning round she saw John. Overcome with joy she began to weep. When he found opportunity, her lover explained that it was his brother, James, who had been killed at El Caney. John had been attacked by the fever and had not even been on the battlefield. R. J. Wren.

HOW A CAVALRYMAN BREAKS CAMP.

When the bugle-call, "The General," is sounded in a cavalry camp, the soldier immediately begins to strike his tent and to pack his belongings. Each man has his clothes, saddle-bags, blanket, pouncho, shelter-tent, revolvers, carbine, sabre, canteen, dishes, halter, and feed bag to fasten to his saddle.

The cavalryman rolls up his clothes and blanket in the shelter-tent, and straps this roll on the back of the saddle. To a hook on the right side he snaps his canteen. The pouncho is rolled up and fixed to the front. The carbine is slung in a holster on the right side, and a revolver is put in a holster on the left side of the saddle; the other revolver is placed in the cavalryman's belt. The dishes and any small articles he may have, are put into the saddle-bags, which are fastened on the back of the saddle below the shelter-tent roll.

When these articles have been packed, the cavalryman saddles his horse. Saddling a horse which will not stand still is no easy matter, especially if the saddle weighs about sixty pounds. When the horses are ready the men fall into rank, and the troop takes its place in the regimental line. It takes about three hours for a troop of cavalry to break camp. J. G. McCARTHY.

Major Logan, U. S. A.

AT Freedom's call see Logan take the field.
With honor blazoned on his patriot shield,
His gallant deeds a dazzling lustre spread,
While circling glories beamed around his head.
His earned praises are consigned to Fame,
And Glory crowns him with a hero's name.

ABSOLM.

Bits of Local Interest.

A VISIT TO THE INFIRMARY.

One day last week I was somewhat behind in my duties, and rather than take chances of getting detention I asked for a bill admitting me to the Infirmary. Taking everything I might need during the time I was to be absent from the study-hall, I made my way to the "Vale of Rest."

I met the infirmarian in the hallway near the office, and I pretended to be in great pain. In a broken voice I assured her that I was the sickest boy she had ever seen. The infirmarian eyed me somewhat suspiciously, and told me to enter the office where she would mix some medicine that would, in all probability, ease my suffering. When I heard the ominous word *medicine*, a cold chill ran over me; I tried, however, to look pleased. After several endeavors I managed to swallow the vile stuff, and was then admitted to the invalid's reading-room.

When I entered the door I was hailed by a number of old friends who had had the good fortune to spend most of the winter session in that delightful place where study never intrudes. After being permitted to ask about the health of each one, and to inquire how long he expected to be convalescing, I was advised to play a game of checkers in order to rest my overworked brain.

Next morning the sick boys were waked at seven o'clock, and after a few minutes of pillow fighting prepared for breakfast. We enjoyed an excellent meal and then lounged into the reading-room.

At nine thirty the infirmarian sent for me to take medicine. I did it with such good grace that she told me I was far too healthy to stay in the Infirmary. I tried to convince her I was still very sick, but my plea did not avail, and reluctantly I made my farewells. I wish I knew how those fortunate fellows work the hibernating game. C. F. KIDNEY.

FROM MY WINDOW.

To-day as I sat in my room looking out of the window, my attention was given to the large brick college stable, to its surroundings, and to the city of South Bend in the distance. The stable of which I write, is built of yellow and of red bricks. To the right of the stable is the old observatory, which was used by the astronomical students of Notre Dame many

years ago, but which is now condemned and left to the mercy of the weather. Behind, and to the left of the stable, I can see the dense, black smoke arising from the factories in South Bend.

Nearer to my window than the stable, but on the same side, stands the old bakery which was built very many years ago. In this antiquated building is baked all the bread used at the University.

Just outside my window are several cedar trees through whose branches the wind is playing mournful tunes. Looking through and beyond the trees, I can see a funeral procession slowly taking its way across the little graveyard down the road. In a few minutes the procession comes to a halt, the coffin is lifted slowly from the hearse and placed in its bed of earth.

J. B. WATHEN, JR.

In Marital Strain.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

When Mr. Maun and his wife reached the station he found to his chagrin that the train had just left. At first he considered the advisability of running after the train; but he concluded that it would be exhausting, so he wisely gathered up his bundles and shaped the way toward home.

Mrs. Maun was irritatingly discreet, and Mr. Maun had to begin the conversation.

"It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready."

"My dear, I was ready before you were," suggested Mrs. Maun quietly.

"Great heavens!" cried Mr. Maun impatiently, "I sat in the hansom for ten minutes imploring you to hurry up. The whole neighborhood will bear witness to that."

"Yes," said Mrs. Maun, stoutly "yet every time I started to leave the house you would send me back for something you had forgotten."

"Why, woman, you know that if we were to set out for Europe to-morrow all that I should have to do would be to grab my shirt, coat, trousers and valise, while you would spend six hours at least in deciding what gown to wear."

A truce was finally agreed to, and the trip was postponed until the following week. When the day appointed came, Mr. Maun spoke up as follows:

"Now, dear, fly around; the one that is ready first need not wait for the other; let

the deserving one catch the train and be off."

Away they flew, for they had but a few minutes in which to get ready.

"Say, Mary, where is my shirt?"

"In the bureau."

"Well it isn't. I have the drawer out and its contents emptied on the floor."

"I think that is my drawer," suggested Mrs. Maun.

"Ah! I have it" (after a pause). "Say, Mary, where are the buttons?"

"Why, dear, you have the shirt on wrong side out!"

Mr. Maun who before dressing wanted to have "a fair field and no favors," quickly exhausted his stock of expletives. Mrs. Maun was soon dressed, and, without waiting for her husband, started toward the station. When she was some distance on the way, her lord shouted: "Where is my vest?" but she paid no heed, and reaching the station purchased her ticket and boarded the car.

Shortly after the train had started, Mr. Maun rushed out on the platform of the station with his neck wear in his hand and one shoe unlaced. He was so completely out of breath that he could not speak; he simply danced with sheer rage. And Mrs. Maun stood on the platform of the last car smiling sweetly and throwing kisses at him.

W. CAMERON.

A MODERN FABLE.

INDULGENT MOTHER: My pet, you should not strike your little brother in that way.

SPOILED CHILD: I will if he touches my doll again. I'll—I'll break a chair over his head—so there.

INDULGENT MOTHER: But, my dear, you know it is not lady-like for little girls to—

SPOILED CHILD: Now, if you say another word I shall tell the minister what you said about his wife's dress.

SOME YEARS AFTERWARD.

INDULGENT MOTHER (timidly): My dear, it seems to me that your engagement to Mr. Goodmorning is just a little—sudden; don't you think so?

SPOILED DAUGHTER: There you go; I knew you would—always coming between me and my happiness. You may grumble as much as you want to, but just the same I *will* marry him.

INDULGENT MOTHER: But, my dear, it may be that your disposition—

SPOILED DAUGHTER: Disposition! Well! if I can get on with such an unreasonable creature as you are, I think I can get along with anyone. You may as well stop talking and give your orders for dinner, for he'll be here to-night.

TWO YEARS LATER.

INDULGENT MOTHER (to a visitor): Yes, it is true.

VISITOR (sympathetically): So your daughter has really left her husband?

INDULGENT MOTHER: Yes, the poor stricken child came home last night. He must have abused her terribly. OTTO WATHEN.

THE OTHER FELLOW.

She was a tall girl with dark hair and eyes: just Harold's notion of a girl. He met her at a resort up the lakes, and liked her from the first; so he cultivated her acquaintance with great tact and soon found favor in her eyes. As the summer wore on their friendship grew; they dined together, and often went rowing in Harold's pretty boat, "Princess."

By the time the pleasure-seekers left the resort, Harold had established himself in Miss George's good graces, and, what was equally important, in her mother's, so life seemed worth living.

One Sunday afternoon some weeks later, Harold drove his pacer up to the curb at Miss George's house. The young lady was expecting him, and they were soon driving along the shady avenues. Harold drove leisurely by the park entrance where they passed an acquaintance of his, Harry Jones, a bronzed infantry man, who was home for a few days on a furlough. Harold grew animated over the privations of the soldier and the ravages of camp fever, and wondered at his companion's haste in changing the subject.

One evening, several weeks later, Harold rode slowly up the gravel walk leading to Miss George's home. As he rounded the house he saw the young lady sitting on the vine-covered porch sobbing softly; a telegram fluttered in her lap. She nodded sorrowfully, and held the yellow slip toward him. It had only five words:

"Harry is dead; camp fever."

Very much puzzled Harold read the message again.

"I'm so sorry," he began sympathetically. "Was he a relative?"

"A relative! Oh, don't you know! Harry and I were engaged." A. M. JENNINGS.

To an Infant Sleeping.

MAY gazing angels ever keep
Strict guard around thy bed,
And o'er those eyes now closed in sleep
Their shadowy pinions spread.

Sweet innocent, thy pleading dreams
With weary Israel vie;
Rivers of milk and honey streams,
The Land of Promise nigh.

But oh! when Reason's light shall shine,
And Beauty's rose shall blow,
May Virtue lead this hand of thine
And guide where'er you go.

ABSOLM.

Glimpses of City Life.

LOUISVILLE'S GREAT FUTURITY.

The most excited crowd I ever saw near a race course was at the Louisville track when Leiber Carl won the futurity.

Leiber Carl belonged to Flashman's stables; but until the very last minute his rider's name was not registered on the bulletin board. Burns, who had been advertised to ride Carl, was sick, and Mr. West, the touring manager of Flashman's stables, could not determine who should have the mount. Just before the race was on Mr. West told "Speck" Bradshaul, an exercising boy, that he had chosen him to ride Leiber Carl.

"Now, 'Speck,' my boy," said Mr. West, "the book-makers are betting ten to one on Searchlight; nevertheless I am going to place a few dollars on Leiber Carl, and I want him to win. Follow these instructions carefully: get off at the post with the bunch; hold Carl back during the first two furlongs, then go up easily; fight for the pole before you get to the last furlong, and make a strong finish."

The race was announced and the jockeys were up. People were shouting, and betters were placing their last stakes.

"Place your money on Searchlight." "Who is the boy on Leiber Carl?" "Oh! he is only an exercising boy."

Everyone was talking, no one was listening. "They are off in a bunch!" "Searchlight is in the lead!" "Maid Marion and Plaudit are close seconds." "Where is Leiber Carl?" "Look! Maid Marion has the pole!" "Now Plaudit is coming up!" "Watch them fighting for the pole!" "Plaudit has it!" "Oh! it's only the second furlong." "Look! Leiber Carl is coming up; now, see, he is in the bunch; he

is fighting for the pole; he has it!!" "They're all in a bunch!" "Searchlight is in the lead, and it is the last furlong!" "Gad! Leiber Carl is leaving the bunch!" "Watch the rider on Leiber Carl use the whip!" "Searchlight is losing!" "No hope for Plaudit!" "Half a length, a length, Leiber-Carl, hurrah!" And young Bradshaul was promoted to second jockey at a regular salary. G. W. LEACH.

THE BEST TOBACCO BY FARR.

Some years ago a dealer in snuff and tobacco by name of Hill, carried on a retail business in a small seaport town. Hill's shop was well patronized by sailors from the ships that lay in the harbor, and his strong box grew in weight.

In the course of time a man by the name of Farr opened a tobacco store nearly opposite that of Hill's, and hung out a sign: "The Best Tobacco by Farr."

The cunningly worded sign imposed on the understanding of many of Hill's customers, and they transferred their trade in order to get, "the best tobacco by far."

The old shopkeeper, observing that his rival obtained much custom through the sign, had a board gaudily painted with the announcement: "Far Better Tobacco Than the Best Tobacco by Farr." This paradoxical inscription had its effect. Hill's customers returned, and his rival was finally obliged to give up business.

GEORGE FREDELL.

AN ACCIDENT IN THE PARK.

One day last summer, while I was driving down North Avenue near Lincoln Park, a policeman came running toward me signalling for me to stop. No sooner had I brought my horse to a stand, than a team, hitched to a light runabout, came tearing down Dearborn Avenue, and turned into the Park. There was a little girl sitting on the seat of the carriage tugging at the reins, but she had not strength enough to control the horses.

After the team had entered the Park, I saw a woman hurrying down the avenue toward me. She was so frightened that she could not speak, but I could tell by her actions that she wanted me to follow the runaway team. I helped her into my runabout and drove in the direction the horses had taken.

In a few minutes, we came to where they had run against a tree. The runabout was in

splinters, and a few yards away lay the little girl quite still. A little farther on lay the horses, one badly cut about the shoulders, the other with the reins tightly wound round his legs.

The mother finding her child apparently dead, broke down completely. An ambulance came, and the daughter and the mother were taken home.

I obtained the address of the owner of the runaway team, and had an express wagon take away what was left of the vehicle. Then I tied both horses to my runabout, and drove to the owner's house.

On my arrival I found him waiting for me. We took the horses to the barn, and I told him that a wagon would soon arrive with what was left of the runabout. He told me that he was "very much obliged," and gave me his card.

M. B. HERBERT, JR.

THE ECCENTRIC AND STRAP.

The eccentric of a steam engine is made of cast-iron or steel, is circular in form, and is bored to fit the crank shaft. The center of this bore is the axis of the eccentric, and is situated at some previously determined distance from the real center of the eccentric. The difference between the center of the eccentric and the axis of the eccentric is the eccentricity, and twice this distance is the throw or the motion described by one revolution of the eccentric.

The eccentric is held stationary on the crank shaft by a steel key. This key must be placed exactly on a line joining the two centers, in order that the angular advance can be properly determined by placing the corresponding key seat correctly on the crank shaft.

The eccentric has a groove round its outer edges to fit corresponding projections on the inside of the strap. These projections are placed on the strap for the sole purpose of keeping the eccentric in place. The eccentric strap is generally cast in halves which are held together by close-fitting bolts. But the strap does not hold the eccentric stationary; on the contrary, there is enough clearance between the strap and the eccentric to permit the latter to revolve within the former.

This revolution of the eccentric inside the strap causes the eccentric to operate the slide valve which is located in the steam chest, and with which the strap is connected by means of the eccentric rod and valve stem.

A. P. ILL.

SCIENCE IN BOSTON.

One afternoon last summer I called at the home of a young lady who lives in Boston. I had not seen her for a year, and I was much impressed with her stately bearing and fluent speech. After exchanging the usual courtesies, she said:

"We had a lovely lesson in science, to-day."

"Did you, really?" I said, trying to look as if I knew something about science.

"Yes; it was about the nomenclature of molecules and protoplasm and protozoa."

I looked interested.

"Each of us had to define and differentiate the minute discolorations found in the esophagus of a thoracic cirriped crustacean.

Visions of slimy creatures swam before my mind's eye, but I smiled encouragingly. The young lady continued:

"Our professor gave us an awfully lovely description of laburnum. He says that laburnum of the genus *cytissus*, has its leaves on long stalks, and its leaflets are rather glaucous, ternate, nearly sessile, oval, mucronate; the seeds are highly poisonous, and contain the principle known as *cytisine*, that possesses narcotic, acrid properties. Don't you think that remarkable?"

I had fallen listlessly over the back of my chair during this last outburst, and I began to breathe huskily. The young lady walked sedately to my side, and asked sympathetically if I were sick.

"I think—I think I have swallowed a molecule," I murmured.

"Oh, the poor little thing! Was it dead?" she asked.

After I had partly recovered, she inquired winningly:

"Do you know what caused your faintness?"

I ventured to suggest it might have been a prevision of immediate mental entanglement.

"Our professor is just too sweet for anything," she said, after a pause. "He knows ever so much about protozoa and laburnum, and all us girls just dote on him. Next Saturday he is going to take us in search of molecules and protoplasm. Wouldn't you like to join our party?"

I am naturally diffident, but I ventured to say: "I think I shall have to dig potatoes. Then noting her puzzled look, and remembering where she lived, I continued apologetically: "I mean I shall have to unearth the edible farinaceous tuber of the *solanum tuberosum*," and escaped.

P. J. McNAMARA.

A STREET SWINDLER.

The busiest time in a country town is Saturday evening. The farmers who have been working hard all week choose this time to dicker with their fellows and to trade at the village stores. Street fakers are well acquainted with the customs of rural districts, and of a Saturday evening it is no unusual sight to see medicine men, or other harpers, on a street corner with large crowds of people about them.

I recall an amusing scene which I witnessed a year or two ago in a small country town. About seven o'clock a sharper set up his stand in a conspicuous place, and began to unpack his wares which consisted of a little of everything, including pins and electric belts. A number of people gathered round him and business looked promising.

The sharper began operations by selling a paper of pins and a dozen lead pencils for a nickel. After he had made several such sales he called the purchasers to him and gave them back their money. He next sold a pair of gold cuff buttons and a watch chain for a quarter. Then he disposed of three or four collections of various articles, each time increasing the purchase price, and each time refunding the money. He came at last to the electric belts, and, after dwelling at some length on their merits, began to sell them for a dollar each. Some old farmers, of the variety that is always trying to get something for nothing, thought, in the light of past purchases, that the belts would be a good investment and several of them bought five belts. After the sharper had sold as many belts as he could he bowed good evening to the expectant speculators and hurried to his hotel, taking with him his grips and the good dollars that had not been in circulation for many a day.

S. M. ANTOINE.

A TALE WITHOUT A MORAL.

This little incident has no moral, and yet it happened in Chicago.

One day I boarded a Clark Street car, and seeing two vacant seats I sat down in the one nearest the door. A few minutes later a very dignified looking man got on the car, and walked to the one vacant place. After carefully arranging his overcoat so that he should not crease it, he dropped easily into the seat.

No sooner had he sat down than he sprang up and began to howl and to jump like a maniac. The passengers, most of whom were women, were greatly frightened. Some one in

a burst of inspiration suggested that the man was crazy, and everyone rushed wildly for the door. In the crush to get out windows were broken and some of the people were hurt.

The car was stopped at a street crossing, and a policeman got aboard to take the maniac, who by this time was the sole occupant of the car, in charge. The policeman, club in hand, approached the man, and was about to handcuff him, when the gentleman began rapidly to explain.

The dignified looking man was not a maniac; he was a respected citizen: but he had been so unfortunate as to sit on a pin.

J. F. POWERS.

THE MANUFACTURE OF LUMBER.

There are more details connected with the manufacture of lumber than the average person might conjecture. After the trees are cut they are hauled either with teams or on cars to a skidway, where the logs are scaled and stamped; duplicates of the scales are sent to the office of the mill where the logs are to be sawed. After they are scaled the logs are rolled to the edge of a river where they remain until the spring freshet floats them down to the gap.

A gap is a sorting place for logs. When the logs come down the river from the woods, they are floated under a kind of platform built on spiles driven into the bottom of the river, and standing about two feet above the surface of the water. The logs drift under this platform and are floated into the proper booms by the boom men. When the booms are full the logs are towed by a tug to the mill where they are to be cut into lumber.

At the mill the logs are taken in charge by a crew that guides them to the end of a slide, which runs from the second floor of the mill to the water's edge. In the center of this slide is a trough through which runs an endless chain. The chain has large teeth or cogs about six feet apart, which sink into the logs and draw them up into the mill.

When the logs are in the mill they are rolled off the chain by means of iron shafts called "dogs." The machinery of the "dog" is set in motion by a mill hand, who unloads the log in front of the proper saw. This is determined by the length and thickness of the log; the large logs are usually rolled to the right side of the mill, and the small logs to the left side. The logs are then scaled again, and the measurements are sent to the

mill office to be compared with those that were taken in the woods.

The logs are rolled on carriages which run up and down the sides of the mill in front of large saws. Three men work on each carriage; two feed the log to its proper place, and the third man, the "sawyer," regulates the thickness of the board to be cut.

As the boards are sawed from the logs they drop on rollers, which carry them to small saws where the bark and slab-wood are trimmed out. When the good lumber comes from the trimming saws, it is taken in charge by men who load it on two-wheeled carts which are pushed along tramways to the place where the lumber is to be piled until it is sold.

Some of the lumber is sold directly to the consumer, but most of it is sold through commissioners to lumber dealers. Nearly all the lumber of the Northwest is sent to Chicago; from Chicago it is shipped to all points in the United States.

NEAL DEMPSEY.

THE AUTOMOBILE.

One of the most useful vehicles that has been invented since the employment of electricity as motive power is the automobile. It used to look very odd to see carriages running up and down the streets of New York city and some of the smaller cities in the East without horses attached to them, and they attracted the attention of many people; but now automobiles are often met with, and people give little notice to them.

The first automobile that I saw was in New York city. I heard a peculiar noise behind me, and just as I turned to see what caused it, a carriage, without horses attached, sped by me. I wondered how it was propelled. The vehicle stopped about a block down the street, and I had an opportunity to find out. A large boiler under the guide's seat was filled with gasoline, which was used to operate the machinery of the vehicle.

There are many varieties of automobiles. Some have two seats, and others are fitted up like tally-hoes; some are designed for public use, and resemble hansom cabs; some are built for speed and others are used to haul heavy loads. The public, in general, seems to welcome the invention of the automobile, and it has become very popular in the large cities, especially in such cities as New York and Chicago.

G. A. GAFFNEY.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Reporters.

—The following representative college officials honored the University by calling during the past week: Rev. D. W. Hearn, S. J., St. Francis Xavier College; Reverend J. B. Quirk, S. J., Boston College; Reverend F. Heiermann, S. J., St. Ignatius' College; Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., Holy Ghost College.

—On account of the large number of students in the University this year, the students' Mass last Sunday was at eight a. m. instead of at ten, as was customary on former Easter Sundays. The ceremonies were very impressive and in full keeping with the ritual prescribed for the greatest feast in the Church's calendar. Very Rev. President Morrissey was the celebrant, with Rev. M. J. Regan as deacon and Rev. Father Gallagher as subdeacon. Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh preached a very fine sermon on Easter and the Resurrection. The choir sang Leonard's Mass in E flat.

—The regular board of editors have nothing to do with the publication of this number. The literary portion is the work of men in one of the Preparatory classes, and it is their maiden attempt at authorship. We do not find

it necessary to make any apology for offering this work to our readers, for these little stories and essays by our younger brethren may be a welcome departure from the staid and prosaic work of the weekly writers. Hoping that it will be so, here's to you, good friends, and may the Preparatory number meet your cordial approval!

—Last Sunday many of the upper class men appeared in caps and gowns. It is so rarely that these articles are brought from the wardrobe that one forgets that there are such things here. A man with a mortar board on his head is a kind of curiosity. Why it should be so must be because of some apathy on the part of Sorin Hall men to appear in the costume which they are justly entitled to wear. Two or three years ago, when caps and gowns were first introduced here, the caps were worn nearly every day during the spring and summer session, and the gown was worn whenever the members of the class appeared in public. Several Sorin Hall men have expressed a desire to see the mortar boards worn again, yet no one will inaugurate the custom. We would like to see some men make the initiative, and revive the old custom. The appearance of these caps about the campus, and particularly at the games, will lend tone to the place. On the other hand, they are worse than useless if locked in wardrobes.

—To-day we start the ball rolling again and begin the collegiate schedule by meeting the U. of M. nine. Michigan usually stops here for the last game on her annual spring trip, and thus has the advantage over us of having had a week's playing, whereas our men begin with only one game. Michigan has defeated us twice in the opening game and we have defeated her twice, so that to-day's victory means, for either team, a lead of one game. Our men may lose, and it should be nothing disheartening if they do. We can not expect perfect playing in the first game. Besides, we have a long schedule ahead of us, and the team's record will be figured from the close of that schedule, not from the start. Errors made in the early stages will be corrected as the season advances, and we may rest assured, whatever be the outcome of to-day's game, that our team is going to make a good season of it, and will be deserving of most enthusiastic support.

The Philopatrians' Production.

Shaksperian plays have been the order of the year so far as home talent entertainment in the dramatic line has been concerned. The Stock Company started the season with its successful production of the "Merchant of Venice" on President's Day, and followed with an equally successful rendition of "Julius Cæsar" on Washington's Birthday. The general satisfaction which both these plays gave led the Philopatrians to select one of Shakspeare's comedies for their annual performance, and on last Monday they appeared in the

effective, and some of the scenes were made by Professor Ackerman particularly for this production. The method of producing the third act was a departure from the manner in which professional troupes had presented it, and it was one well made. Instead of leaving Antipholus of Ephesus, the husband who is unknowingly locked outside his house, behind the scenes, the stage setting was so arranged that while the party in the interior of his house occupied one portion of the stage, he and his party were also in view of the audience on another part of the platform. This innovation was original, and it showed clever judgment on the part of the men that had



PHILOPATRIANS, 1900.

"Comedy of Errors." The task of putting on this play was no small one for men so young as the Philopatrians are, and it was predicted by many that the work would be too heavy for them. However, young and inexperienced as they were, the Philopatrians acquitted themselves admirably. The careful training given them by Bro. Cyprian and Professor Maurus assisted by Professor Carmody enabled them to deliver their lines with good interpretation and suitable action. Some of the men in the leading parts were in good favor with the audience from the beginning until the end of the play. The stage settings were highly

thus arranged it. The audience began to see through the plot of the play by the time this scene was produced, and the different stages of its development could be followed with more interest.

The costumes for the play were well selected. They were as close an imitation of the elaborate costumes used by Crane and Robson in their production as could be had. The Antipholi and the Dromios looked so nearly alike that they were not easily distinguishable even to their friends who are associated with them daily.

Messrs. Schoonover and McGarrell had

the leading rôles in the cast, and their clever work entitles them to receive the greatest amount of praise. Both were very good. If any criticism were to be made it might be to the effect that Antipholus of Ephesus put undue stress on his side talks which drew too much on the attention of the audience. This was easily overbalanced, however, by his splendid voice, his good action and his originality all through. Mr. Schoonover has made several appearances on our stage, but this last one was easily his banner performance. The work of Mr. McGarrell was uniform all through, and was of such a nature as to win many favorable comments. At no time did he overdo his part.

Next to the Antipholi come the Dromios, Messrs. Moroney and Kennedy. Their work was so nearly alike that no distinction could be made in favor of either. This is a point in their favor, inasmuch as they were representing twin brothers. Both have good voices.

The ladies, impersonated by Messrs. Rush, Wagner, Delone and Vivanco, were good. Mr. Rush was somewhat handicapped by his broad shoulders and masculine appearance, so that his make up could not be as easily arranged as were the others. His interpretation was good, however, his facial expressions were well carried out, and his general work was satisfactory. Wagner was the belle of the cast. His long golden locks and pretty blue costume made him a fine figure on the stage. His movements were the best in the play, and his lines were well-rendered. Vivanco and Delone had parts of lesser importance, but they made good work of rendering them. Mr. Johnson, also in female attire, was good in playing the part of servant girl. Farabaugh, Putnam, Hughes, Davis, Hubble and Scott, were not in so important rôles as were the Antipholi and the Dromios, nevertheless, the credit of doing well what they had to do, belongs to each of them. Farabaugh and Davis were particularly good in not disclosing their personal characteristics in any of their work. Mr. Medley, a new man among the Philopatrians, made his first appearance on the stage and did not suffer his work to cast any discredit on what the rest of his comrades had done. The University orchestra furnished the music, and were highly encored at the close of each selection. Owing to the illness of Professor McLaughlin, the direction of the orchestra was in charge of Mr. Francis F. Dukette.

HENRY PECK.

"Giants" are the First Victims.

Our ball players accommodated themselves very nicely to the new diamond on Cartier Field last Thursday, and celebrated the opening by defeating the Columbia Giants. The field was a little soft and slow, but the game was just the opposite. The day was a fine one for an opening contest, and our fellows went out to give the season a good start off. The errors were a little more numerous than enthusiasts would like to see them, but in considering the unsettled condition of the field and the fact that this is the first game of the season, due allowance was made for any shortcomings in the work. The one most satisfactory part of the performance for Notre Dame men is the fact that our men wielded the stick in good shape and pounded out hits in the proper time and at the proper place.

Young Mr. Morgan, who made his first appearance in Varsity "togs," created a favorable impression by accepting, without an error, everything that came his way, and by pounding out a slashing three bagger in the ninth inning when two men were on bases and the score was tied. Keeley did good enough work in the box to get on the right side of the "rooters," and he will have their cordial support for the remainder of the season. Daly, the other new man on the team, has no errors in his column, so that he too, is entitled to the good graces of the "rooters." The rest of the team are all left over from last season, and there is no fear about their work. O'Neill in particular did well last Thursday and was in fine throwing form, so that stolen bases were hard to secure against him.

On the colored side of the game, Buckner was the star. With three hits, one for three bases, two assists and no errors against him, he has a pretty strong record for one game. Burns and Holland were the other men that did the best playing. Binga's star catch of O'Neill's hot liner over third base was the feature of the Giants' game.

Lynch was a little off color at short, but it was due principally to the condition of the ground and the fact that the sun was directly in his eyes when he went after fly balls. The Captain was a little discomfited by the unstable condition of the ground in his corner of the diamond and that tells the story of his error.

The résumé of the game is best told by the tabulated score which appears below, and there is no need of giving a history of the game by innings. The following is the scorer's official report:

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Lynch, ss,	0	0	2	2	3
Fleming, l f	1	0	1	1	0
Farley, r f	1	0	1	0	1
Donahue, c f	2	3	1	0	1
McDonald, i b	1	2	13	0	1
Morgan, 3 b	1	1	0	4	0
Daly, 2 b	0	0	1	2	0
O'Neill, c	1	2	7	2	0
Keeley, p	1	2	1	0	0
Totals	8	10	27	16	6

GIANTS	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Grant, 2 b	0	1	1	1	1
Binga, 3 b	1	0	1	0	0
Patterson, l f	0	1	1	0	1
Buckner, p, rf	1	3	0	2	0
Holland, ss	2	1	0	6	0
Wilson, p, rf	0	1	2	2	0
Burns, c	0	1	8	1	0
Barton, c f	0	1	1	0	1
Johnson, i b	1	1	10	0	0
Totals	5	10	27	12	3

Two base hits, Burns, McDonald. 3 base hits, Morgan, Buckner, Barton. Bases on balls off Keeley, 4. Double play, Morgan to O'Neill to McDonald. Umpire, Outcalt.

Exchanges.

All the talk made in the newspapers some time ago about the University of Chicago *Weekly* being put in charge of the "co-eds," because the young men were incapable of keeping the paper running has been proven false. The new board of editors elected a few weeks ago contains no feminine contributors, and still the *Weekly* makes its usual appearance just the same. What is more, there is nothing in the columns of this paper that would give one the impression that its editors were not capable of continuing its publication.

Many of our exchanges made extra efforts to produce special Easter numbers. Their work was very much above that seen in the ordinary weekly editions. This would seem to indicate that the writers are hurried in their work and can not give it a due amount of care ordinarily. From our own experience we are enabled to overlook this. The fact that such scrupulous

care is wanting is not due to neglect, but due to the fact that the paper must come out at the appointed time, whether it represents the best work or not. The best work for the time allowed is the rule rather than the best work possible. From this we can see the advisability of issuing the special numbers, for in these we see the editors at their best. This year's special numbers show that when the editors are at their best they are capable of doing good work.

The University of New Brunswick *Monthly* issued a centennial number recently which has many good things in it among which is the short sketch of General Sir Howard Douglas. The essay on the "Student of To-day" is also very good. It goes to show that young men never had so great opportunities for study as they have at present, and that whatever they fail in, they fail chiefly through their own shortcomings. The whole essay is foreshadowed by this opening sentence: "If the university student of the present generation is not a better worker and a better man than the student of thirty years ago the fault must be largely with himself."

In its literary columns the *Acta Victoriana* is as good as any of our exchanges. Its essays and stories are always in good form and are well written; but when it comes to the locals they are a positive conundrum. When one sees an item like the following "I am afraid you won't catch the connection," without any further explanation given to it, one is at a loss to see where the joke is, or if there is any joke at all. Some, of course, will justify these items by saying that they are purely local, that the students at the college will understand them, and that other people are not supposed to know what their meaning is. With such views I can not agree. If there is any department that reflects the tone of the university and its daily happenings, it is that department of the college organ that deals with local happenings. Parents and friends of students will learn more of them through the local columns, if these columns are intelligible, than they will by reading one of their essays or verses. Jokes in these columns and "horse play," of course, prevail, but behind all this the standing of the student among his fellows can easily be figured out. We would suggest that in many of our exchanges more care be given to the local department.

Personals.

—Professor F. X. Ackerman spent Easter Sunday at his home in Lafayette, Indiana.

—Professors F. X. Carmody and James D. Barry spent the Easter vacation days at Watervliet, Michigan.

—Mr. Valentine Zimmermann, a student of a few years ago, is now a leading funeral director at Rochester, Indiana.

—Mr. P. J. Kaspar of Evanston spent Sunday and Monday at Notre Dame visiting his sons in Corby and Carroll Halls.

—Miss Edna Reuss, a former pupil at St. Mary's Academy, was at the University over Easter visiting her brother, Mr. Charles Reuss of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. William Ellwanger of Dubuque, Iowa, visited his friends at Notre Dame on Easter Sunday and stayed to see the Philopatrian production of the "Comedy of Errors."

—Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy of Chicago were here on Monday to witness the "Comedy of Errors" in which their son, C. J. Kennedy of the Philopatrian club, took a leading part.

—Among the many outside friends who were present at the Philopatrian play last Monday were Mr. and Mrs. Wagner of Chicago. Their son, Master Louis Wagner, played the part of Luciana.

—The SCHOLASTIC extends the sympathy of his many friends at Notre Dame to Mr. Stephen B. Pickett, LL. B., '99, of Toledo, Ohio, whose misfortune it is to mourn the loss of his father.

—Michael R. Powers, Litt. B., '98, our Varsity catcher and captain, is now playing with the Indianapolis American League team. "Mike" is near his old *Alma Mater* again, and many of his friends may find opportunities to go down to the capital city occasionally and see their old comrade behind a professional mask.

—Thomas J. Dundon, '73, is the city attorney of Ispeming, Michigan. Although it is a long time since Mr. Dundon was a student at Notre Dame, he has lost none of his interest in the University's success as his recent two years' subscription to the SCHOLASTIC will indicate. Those among us that know Mr. Dundon are glad to learn that his success has won him so important an office as he now holds.

—Mr. F. W. Schulte, one of our old students, has been engaged in the Vehicle and Farm Machinery business in Mitchell, Iowa, for the past season, and writes that he has built up a very large trade considering the short time that he has been engaged in this enterprise. Mr. Schulte is an old friend to the SCHOLASTIC, and never fails in looking over its columns each week. Any news of his further success will be welcomed by us.

Local Items.

—The judges for the debate with Indianapolis have not been picked.

—The examinations set for the close of this week have been postponed.

—Bicycles are very much in evidence again since the fine weather has begun.

—The Preparatory School Debating team had a photograph taken last Thursday.

—The Sorin Hall baseball team is resting now, but it will be heard from in the near future.

—Corby and Brownson Halls come together in an indoor meet at the University gymnasium to-morrow.

—Guess we had better hurry that inter-hall league, or vacation time will be on hand before the league has organized.

—LOST.—Three SCHOLASTIC reporters. We offer forty-nine cents' reward for any news concerning their whereabouts.

—FOUND.—A pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Loser may recover them by calling on Mr. James McGinnis of Sorin Hall.

—Thursday morning the "Preps" defeated the Specials by a score of 17 to 1. The heavy batting of the "Preps" was the feature.

—The members of the weather bureau had better get their heads together, and inform us what kind of weather we need not expect.

—Easter has passed, the robins are singing, the lawns are greening, the flowers beginning to bloom, and still our college song is unwritten.

—The Carroll Cadets are growing rusty in military tactics; they have not had drill in some weeks, and the boys are getting impatient.

—The orations for the oratorical contest have been handed to Prof. Carmody. The number of candidates this year is smaller than usual.

—Hurrah for the Philopatrians! Many of our young friends can "show up" some of our old "standbys" when they come to interpreting Shakspeare.

—The work on Cartier Athletic Field will soon be finished, and the athletes already have a pretty good notion of what kind of grounds they will have to do their work on in the future.

—Botanists will soon be examining the surrounding country and giving deep explanations of the phenomena connected with plants and plant life.

—The next thing to do is to institute a searching party to find that Gold and Blue flag that was to float over the athletic field during intercollegiate games.

—"Shammy No. 2" has the golf trouser

fever, and bloomed forth in a pair that would make a good alarm to warn people of the approach of a fire engine.

—The graduates have made a good innovation by changing the color of the tassel on their mortar boards so as to indicate to what department they belong.

—The Varsity debating team is losing a few hours' sleep these nights trying to make out a case against trusts so strong that the judges of the debate will have no hesitancy in condemning them.

—The track men are doing very little work these days, just enough to keep from getting entirely out of condition. Captain Corcoran is not over the bad results of the Michigan meet, and has not had a suit on since his return.

—Mr. Anthony Mallek, Musical Director of the United Polish Singers of America, has paid a tribute to Rev. Father Casimir Sztuczko, by composing in his honor and dedicating to him a song, "Live, Long Live!" for mixed voices and male chorus.

—In looking over the reports of the first games played in the National League, the students were glad to see that our former coach, Mr. Stahl, Boston's right fielder, landed on Philadelphia's pitcher, and came out of the game with three hits to his credit.

—McGarrell says that if he had known that he would have to look like Schoonover in the "Comedy of Errors" he never would have taken the part he did. Schoonover says that when he found that he had to look like "Mac" he was ready to "bust up the show," and that he only went on because "Mac" put up a good price as an inducement for him.

—All persons are warned against tampering with the local columns of this paper before they are given to the public. Twice this year has somebody gone to the printing office and changed things that he had no right to touch. Last week some "funny" individual took occasion to write a local which was wholly uncalled for, and to make an assertion that was absolutely untrue and decidedly uncomplimentary. This was taken to the office and put in print without the knowledge of the regular editors. Hereafter such articles will be given no room, no matter who writes them. There are reporters appointed to receive news, and there is another man that makes it his business to accept material for publication, and unless such material is given to them it will be thrown aside, even though it may be set up before coming to their notice.

—There is to be a new race track along the south side of the St. Joseph campus so the boys may have more practice for the inter-hall meets. The track is almost finished now, and the boys of the sprints and the hurdle races have begun to use it. It is 125 yards long and

wide enough for three sprinters. It will be extended around the entire campus during the summer, making a track of something like 440 yards. This will give an opportunity for much good material to develop next fall for the inter-hall and Varsity sports. Many boys that know the good to be derived from the track sports, but will not take the necessary time to go to the gym to train, will fall into line when the track is on the campus. Mr. Brand, the Captain of the St. Joe track team, and Mr. O'Neill, its manager, have charge of the work and are pushing it through. Much gratitude is due Rev. Father Gallagher for the help he has given the boys of both the track and ball teams and for the interest he is taking in their work.

—The law class of 1900 is preparing a grand entertainment, legal and logical feast for the lovers of intellectual treats. The programme is strictly first-class, and is expected to draw a large crowd, perhaps three or four outside the members taking part. President William Monahan will ready a lengthy and exceedingly dry dissertation on the Justinian code and its connection with the absence of cuspidors in modern law offices. Dr. William Guilfoyle will show the necessity of being active and wide-awake if one wishes to pay his office rent and visit the lunch counter three times a day. William Dalton, LL. D., will give a humorous address on "Nice Distinctions in Points of Law." Judge O'Shaughnessy will preach on the "Ethics of Police Courts." John Eggemen will give an exhibition of a large corporation in running trunks. Alfred Barrister Duperier will talk a few hours in justification of lynching under the Southern code. William O'Brien, Junior member of the Illinois Bar Association, will show the proper method for "Bluffing the Jury." Dr. James Fogarty will show the analogy between Rufus Choate and "Malachi" Hoban. Medley, Murphy, Walsh, O'Malley, Savay and Ragan will dramatize Blackstone, and present it with full orchestral accompaniment, Savay and Murphy acting the feminine rôles.

—The *Vox Urbis*, a Latin paper published in Rome, came to us recently with a large half-tone cut of last year's Varsity baseball team. One of this paper's American correspondents gives a description of our national game and how it is played. It is to be presumed that in order to show what manly and athletic fellows take part in the game he selected the picture of last year's team as the collection of the best-looking individuals that have worn baseball uniforms in many seasons. One can imagine the young Roman ladies gazing with admiration at the athletic figures of Mulcare, Lynch and Donahoe. The Roman sportsmen no doubt have looked with great interest at the determined expression on Captain McDonald's face and at the expres-

sion around "Chuck" Fleming's mouth, and tried to connect these in some way with the positions of *prima basis* and *tertia basis*. And then to look at "Peaches" O'Neill and imagine him as the *captator*! and "Gibby" the *jaculator*! Surely if any of the Roman girls have poster rooms the picture of last year's baseball team must have a prominent place among the various designs that make up Roman advertisements.

—Thursday afternoon the Philopatrians were treated to a banquet at the Oliver Hotel in South Bend. The meal was served in seven courses, but when the seventh course arrived very few boys had storage room. After dinner they were shown through the hotel and then driven to Mishawaka. On this drive some one had the misfortune to upset his dinner basket and lose his dinner. Others were rather pale, but refused to lose their luncheon. A very enjoyable time was had by all, and the boys wish to express their thanks to Bro. Cyprian and Prof. Maurus who accompanied them.

The following is the complete programme of last Monday's entertainment:

"THE COMEDY OF ERRORS."

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

Cast of Characters.

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus.....	G. Farabaugh	
Ægeon, a Merchant of Syracuse.....	J. L. Putnam	
Antipholus of Ephesus	Twin bros., sons to Æmelia and Ægeon, but un- known to each other.	F. Schoonover
Antipholus of Syracuse		
Dromio of Ephesus	Twin brothers, servants to the two Antipholi, un- known to each other.	J. J. Moroney
Dromio of Ephesus		
Balthazar, a Merchant.....	L. Hubbell	
Angelo, a Goldsmith.....	F. B. Hughes	
First Merchant.....	G. C. Davis	
Second Merchant.....		
Pinch, a Conjurer.....	M. W. Scott	
Æmelia, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus		
.....	L. S. Delone	
Adriana, wife to Antipholus.....	C. E. Rush	
Luciana, her sister.....	L. W. Wagner	
Luce, her servant.....	M. Johnson	
Lesbia, hostess of the inn.....	E. A. Vivanco	
Officer.....	B. T. Medley	

Guards and other Attendants.

Musical Programme.

Before Act I.

March—"Père de la Victoire".....Ganne

Before Act II.

Waltzes—"Wizard of the Nile".....Herbert

Before Act III.

"Pizzicato" from Sylvia.....Délibes

Before Act IV.

Waltz—"España".....Waldteufel

Before Act V.

Selection—"Chimes of Normandy".....Planquette

—The entertainment given by the Brownson Pleasure Club last Monday night was the most successful affair ever pulled off by that organization. The spacious reading-room, the scene of the conflict, was well lighted, almost every gas jet and chandelier being utilized, and was tastefully decorated with plants and colors of every description. The

guests began to arrive about seven o'clock, and were immediately taken under the protecting wing of the ushers, who relieved them of their pocket-books and other valuables. At exactly half past seven the Master of Obsequies, Hendrick Pietribus Crumlee (imported from Italy for the occasion) ascended the platform, and for twenty-one minutes harangued the assemblage with the history of his life. Then the dancing commenced, Tomasio Nautanio directing the orchestra. This soon broke up in a row because John J. Cooney, gentleman and Esq., refused to dance with an usher. Peace was finally restored by the Master of Obsequies announcing that the next event, a grand cake walk, would be pulled off at once. This was the most interesting event of the evening. Two beautiful prizes, a bag of peanuts and sack, donated by the South Bend Peanut Co., were offered for the winning couple. Three honorable men, sages from the East, chosen on account of their size and dexterity in handling weapons, presided as judges of the contest. It required but three minutes of deep thought for them to decide in favor of J. Sambo Blaaze and his consort, Miss Euripides Arabella Hierholzer. Sambo's gracefulness and originality, capped by a heavenly smile of vast dimensions, won the hearts and applause of everyone present. He had trained long and faithfully for this event, and congratulated himself upon his success. The cake walk over, a few minutes were allowed for recuperation. A speech was then called for, gentleman Cooney, of course, responding to the call with his usual readiness. Before he began, however, somebody mercifully swatted him on the jaw, and in token thereof received the undying thanks of the entire assemblage. They had heard the judge speak before. No one else appeared willing to volunteer, and the company was in danger of disbanding without any further entertainment, when a noble youth, G. Sharp Leach, came to the rescue and volunteered to sing. This proved to be a rare treat. He has a very powerful voice, much more powerful than himself, but the company bravely withstood his singing. He was followed by the great and only warbler, Mahanany, who gave a splendid imitation of a drove of cattle in the Chicago Stock Yards bellowing with pain. Not to be outdone, the hero of the evening, J. Sambo, favored the crowd with a song. Beginning at the lowest note the hero sang through the entire scale without a hitch, and kept right on until he had made a new record, several notches better than the best. Then he sang his favorite song, "Sweet Bunch of Cabbage." He put such soul into this effort that the crowd went up in ecstasies and actually imagined they saw the cabbage. The entertainment was concluded with a song by the "Buzz Saw" quartette—Messrs. Horrible, Miserable, Terrible and Unbearable.